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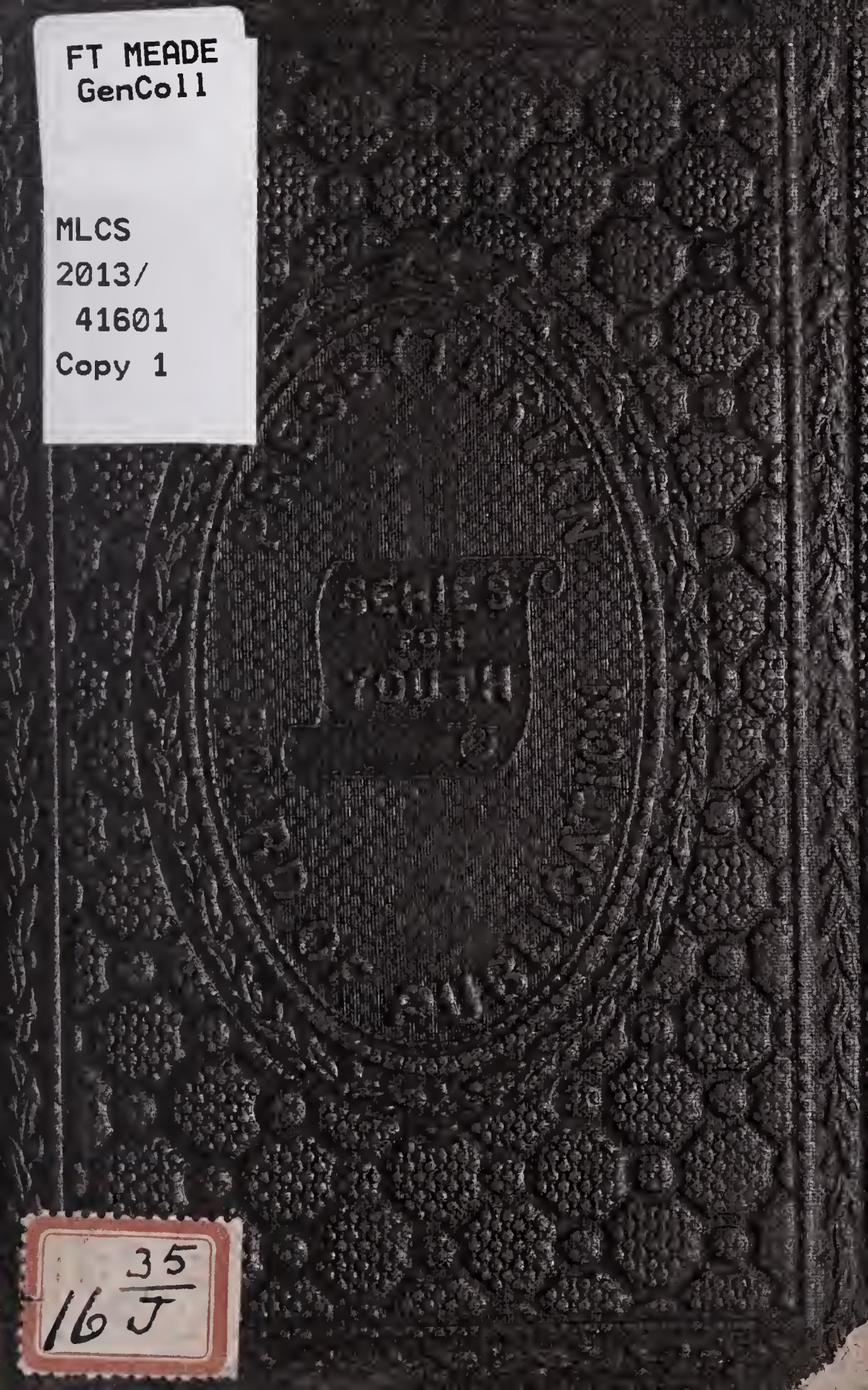

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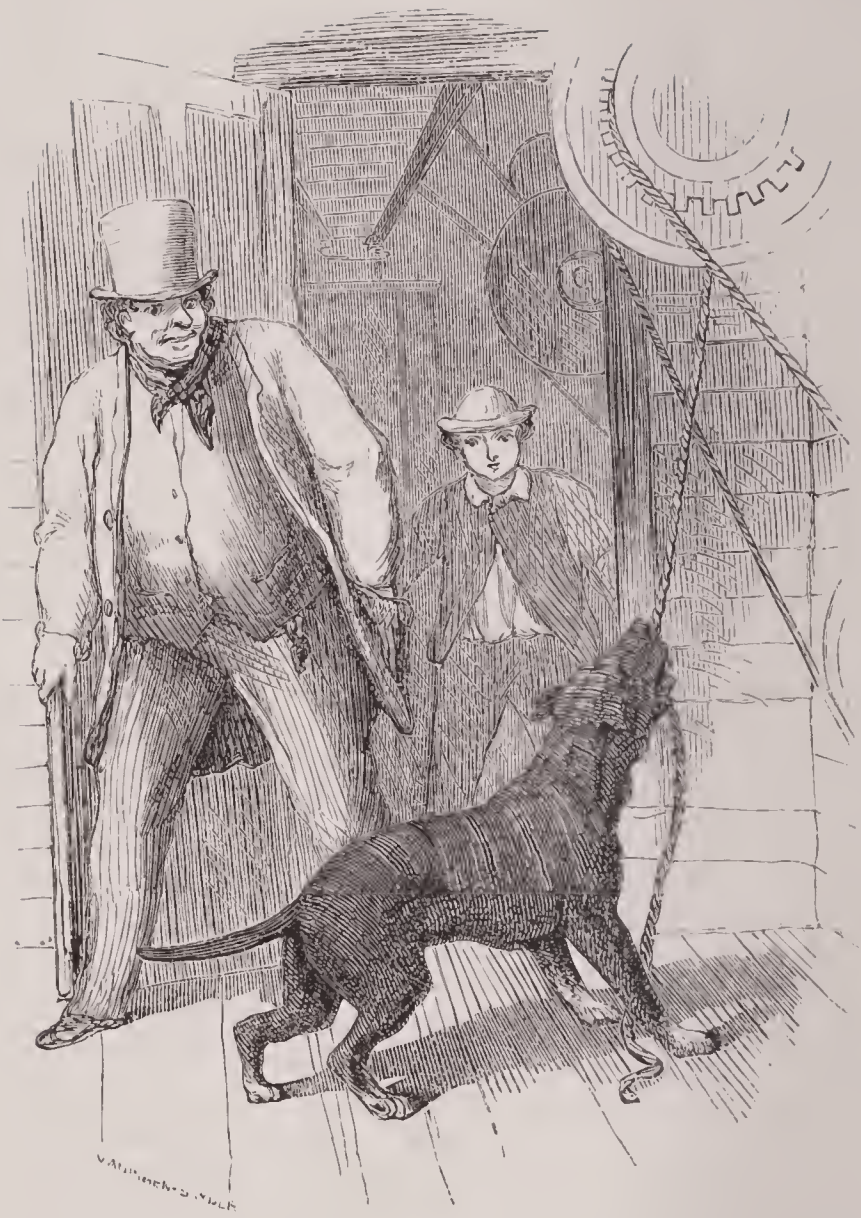

ROVER AT MISCHIEF. Page 53.

MY DOG ROVER,

AND

SOME GOOD THAT HE DID IN THE WORLD.

By MAXWELL.

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MY DOG ROVER.

CHAPTER I.

Links of the Chain that brought Rover to me.

One of the saddest mornings that his blind uncle ever knew, was when Alick Cameron took his little family, his cattle and his goods, and went forth to make him a new home, on the border of the prairies. It is not unlikely, that his father, at the morning worship read the account of Abraham leaving his kindred, and going forth, not knowing whither he went.

How the journey was made, or where he settled, does not belong to

my story. Just how I came to live in his family, and just what relation I bore to him, need not be told. Enough to know, that my reasons for calling him uncle Alick are the very best. And for some reasons, there have been many persons, who gave him the same familiar title, although in no wise akin to him. Was it because he was so good, so neighbourly, so benevolent, so obliging to all, and such a general favourite ?

My dog Rover is the subject of this story. The many, many times he was patted on the head and called "good dog, brave fellow," are not to be numbered. No doubt I am blind to some of his faults, for I thought so much of him, that my sentiment was, "love me, love my dog." Yet with

all his faults, his life and character may furnish some useful lessons to the human race. It does not seem right for me to represent him as somebody else's dog, and give myself a fictitious name. So you will allow me to write somewhat of myself, and use the shortest possible word—I—as my name.

How came Rover to be mine? One thing led to another in a providential way, for there was no miracle about it. We begin back, then, a little, and count certain links in the "chain of circumstances," that brought him into my possession. It did not happen to be so. The Giver of all good wrought the chain of circumstances, and Rover was his gift to me.

The first dog that I remember hav-

ing owned was Ring, and he looked as if he had on a white cravat, tied under his neck in a beau-knot. One evening after hurrying home from school to play with him, I found him dead at the gate. He had shown signs of madness, and been shot. It was the first bereavement that I had deeply felt. All that could be said about how bad it would have been, if he had "gone mad and bit me," and I "had died of hydrophobia," came to my ears as light as the wind. I had not learned that we ought to thank God for the little losses which save us from sufferings, danger, or even death. If he causes anything that we have to be taken away, we may be sure that we need not, or ought not to have it.

"Don't cry; you shall have another dog," said uncle Alick before I went to bed that night. And he repeated it, as he wiped away my tears, the next morning before family worship. When we carried poor Ring away, to bury him in a thicket of young oaks, Mr. Butler the school-teacher came along, climbed over the fence, and looked so sad, that it did me a great deal of good to know that he felt sorry. "Misery loves company."

After this last kindness was done to the dead body, uncle Alick walked with us to the top of the hill, where Ring had often followed me, and I had said, "Now, Ring, go home; that's a good dog." But I should say this no more.

"Mr. Butler," said cousin Charles,

"dogs know enough without going to school, don't they."

"Well, Charles, they learn much from men. But they are very wise sometimes by instinct. I have heard of a shepherd-dog that was wiser than his master. Three men were driving some sheep through a large town in order to put them into the market. One sheep ran back with all his might, and went bleating wildly over some vacant lots. The men started back after the rebellious one, but what do you think the shepherd-dog did?"

"I suppose he ran after it, and seized hold of it and dragged it back and made it go with the others."

"No, he was wiser than that. He gave a sign for the men to let him

have his own way, and then went round the flock and drove them all back on the commons where the run-away sheep was. Then he very carefully got the run-away near the centre of the flock, and before he was aware had him in the market-yard with the rest."

"It was a good lesson for the men, wasn't it?"

"Yes, and for everybody who may hear of that dog's wisdom. If you boys should be playing, and some one of the group should get sullen and go off and sit down in a pout, it would not do for two or three of you to drag him back to his play. That would never make him good-natured and playful. But if you would all go and show a good heart toward him, he

would soon join you again, and do what you wished him to do. It is well for people to go back a little sometimes and lead the offender smoothly on again in the right way.

That very day Mr. Butler had a chance to try the plan of the shepherd-dog. A little boy, named Myron Evans, had been entered as a scholar in the morning, but after a few hours he was so unhappy that he ran out of the room crying and even forgetting his cap. The teacher did not call out harshly to him, nor move one step to arrest him and force him back. But he said, "Now, boys, you may all go and play with little Myron. He is out there leaning against a tree, and does not know what is to become of him. Take him his cap,

talk kindly, and play about him so gleefully, that he will soon laugh and play too. And when you come back he will come with you." The boys went, and the plan was very successful. Myron and myself became the best of friends, as you will see a few pages onward.

One evening, a few years after this, we were sitting at supper, when we heard a yelp, a rattle of the gate, and then the clatter of claws over the floor of the porch. "It's a dog!" exclaimed Charles, and two or three of us were soon on the search. Under an old table lay a little brown shaggy spaniel, cringing and shuddering, and whining as if he had lost his best friend, and never expected to find any one who would pity him. He seem-

ed to me to shed tears. Whence he came, or what had driven him there, we never learned.

"I guess he's mad," said Charles.

"Oh, no, he's not mad," said uncle Alick. "No danger, a dog frightened as he is will not bite."

"Poor dog! he wants somebody to love him," said I, taking courage enough to pat him on the head. "Come, doggie, come," and he seemed ready to nestle under my wings at once.

"Poor little fellow!" said my good grandmother. "Just like one you had when you were about two years old."

"What was his name?" I asked.

"You called him Gyp, a short name for Gipsy."

"That shall be your name, dear doggie! Ah! yes, Gyp, don't get into my pockets. But what became of the first Gyp?"

"Why, you rolled him about, and sat on him so much, that he grew very lazy, and we thought he died from want of fresh air and exercise."

"You shall not die for that," said I, patting Gyp, to help him to understand me; "you shall go to the woods, and dig little striped squirrels out of the ground, and bark at all the big dogs you see, and play with the little ones."

So he did, except that he and I learned better than to have any barking at dogs larger than himself. This is not a mark of good manners, any more than for boys to make sport of strangers as they pass by, perhaps

saying—"Go up, thou baldhead!" He was also taught one other lesson which human beings should learn: that was, not to bark just because other dogs did. One sometimes talks against another, just because other people are telling all the bad things they can find about a person who ought to be pitied, rather than slandered. Somebody always starts the evil rumours, just as the old proverb says—"One barking dog sets all the street a barking."

Gyp proved the truth of two other old proverbs: "Every dog is a lion at home." "Every dog is valiant at his own door." It is very easy also for men to be brave where there is no danger. It is easy for us to stay at home, and tell how people ought to do at the wars.

And now comes the story of the black sheep. Our good neighbour, Mr. Andrews, saw that I had a pet, and Charles had none. One evening, as he was passing by the meadow, he hailed us, and said: "The old saying is, 'no flock without a black sheep;' but I see there is none in yours. Come to my house some day, and Charlie shall have a black lamb for a pet."

"I'll come," said Charles, as happy as if he had found a gold mine. So we went, soon after, and brought home the black lamb. But now it was a puzzle to know what to do with it. It could not stay in the house-yard, for Gyp would not let it alone. It might almost as well have been on an island, with a wolf for company. When put with the flock, the sheep

hated it so much that they butted their heads against it, and it was like a poor boy whom nobody will take home.

"Ah! I've hit upon a plan," said uncle Alick. "The white lambs will let it live with them. So we will put them in the orchard for a few days, and let little Blackie stay with them until they are well acquainted. When the old sheep find that their children love Blackie, they will let her come and live with the flock." And so it came to pass that Blackie was admitted into the fold and the field. She was one of the best of sheep, and all the flock loved her as if she were as white as any of them.

Perhaps Mr. Butler did not know of this, but he tried a very similar plan about this time. There was a

coloured girl in the neighbourhood, whose father had lately died. The farmers had given "Old Joe," as he was called, many a day's work, and none of them wished to be unkind to his family after he was dead. They saw that he was buried in a neat coffin, and told the widow if she ever needed anything, to send her daughter "Birdie" to their houses, and she should not go away empty. But nobody felt like taking "Birdie" into their homes, where she could earn her living in a kind family.

She was very black, but her father had thought her a bird, and so she was to his happy heart, and he called her Birdie. But it was hard for her to think that she could not find a place in some good family, where she

could work and help her mother and herself through the world. "I do want a girl," said Mrs. Evans, "but I cannot think of taking Black Birdie, for I never was used to coloured people." And so said all the rest.

Birdie came to school. I remember how awkward she felt, the first day, when she was like the black lamb among twenty-five white lambs. But she had such a good face, with large eyes in the top of it, and a smiling mouth in almost the broadest part of it, that we could not look at her without catching the smiles, and very soon the whole school would be laughing. When we read the Bible, she could read as well as any of us, and in singing she was without a rival. She sang to us at recess, and told us that

her father had taught her the songs, and then she turned away her face and wept. There was not a child, nor young man, nor maiden, who did not soon feel very kind towards Birdie. She brought such parched corn to school as I had never seen before, and little Myron Evans had somehow got in the habit of bringing her a nice cake every few days, saying, "Mother sent it to you."

"Mother, when the other children come to play and see the mill, I want Birdie to come too," said Myron one day as he was starting to school.

"Why Birdie is a great deal larger than you are!"

"Yes, but she plays with us at school, and sings so, and is just like one of us," said he, "and I want her

to come and swing us in the big swing."

"But that would be setting her to work for you. You would impose on her good nature," said Mrs. Evans, for she did not like to say, "she is black." Myron did not care if she was, and she ought not to care. "Oh, she likes to work. She says that she would rather swing us than to swing herself. And all the children want her to come."

"Very well, you may ask her to join with the rest," and away bounded Myron to school.

When the day came for the proposed visit, Mrs. Evans had such a headache that she could scarcely move about the house. She could not make any cake for the children, and wanted Myron to postpone the whole affair.

But no! the invitations were all given, and he could not go all over the neighbourhood and "invite them not to come." Then the baby was very cross, and there was no help in the house. It was arranged, however, that Myron was to help his mother all he could in the afternoon, and his younger sister was to stay in the house, most of her time, and rock the baby.

When the children came, they thought "it was too bad to have such a nice visit spoiled," by one of Mrs. Evans's headaches. I felt so too, though I did not blame her because she had a headache. But when Birdie came, she soon saw where the trouble was, and offered to go into the house and help Mrs. Evans. The baby scowled a little at first, but found after a while

that her dark face was full of smiles, and her lips over-running with song. Baby began to think that she had not had such a fine time in being carried and jumped, and sung to, for many a day, so she was content. And when the cake-baking came, Birdie knew all about it, so that Mrs. Evans had little to do but look on delighted and judge when they were just brown enough. The result was, that the children had a good visit, nice supper, merry swing after tea, and many memories of the mill, the fishes in the brook, and the little dogs that lay in the kennel with their eyes rather too tender yet, for the sunlight of a merry afternoon. And the blackest of these little dogs was Rover. He had three little white toes on the right fore-foot. I was to

have him the next week, if Charles would promise to give Myron the first black lamb that should appear in our flock at home.

And more than this came to pass. Mrs. Evans was so pleased with Birdie, that she, soon after, employed her, and Birdie had one of the best of homes, where she proved one of the best of helpers. Mr. Butler had introduced her to the whole neighbourhood of children, just as uncle Alick had put the black lamb among the white ones; the children had loved her, and their parents thus came to love her too, so that almost every farmer's wife would have been glad to have her excellent help in the house.

CHAPTER II.

Rover loses his canine Chum.

THEN came a night in a certain November which I shall probably never forget. It was the last one to poor Gyp. For six months Rover had slept with him at night, resting from the mischief he had done during the day. If there were sticks, and bones, and stolen shoes in their nest, it was enough for Gyp to know that Rover wanted them there. If Rover had sometimes lined his couch with one of grandmother's silk aprons, or one of uncle Alick's linen coats, dragged

from the field, they had only to search his kennel for all lost goods, punish him, and expect him to repeat the mischief at his earliest convenience.

The hard November storm had passed, leaving his white robes behind him, and a new moon was shining on the snow. Charles and I went half a mile to a little house where lived a shoemaker, to get our new boots for the winter. Gyp followed us. We took a hand-sled along so as to improve every slope in the road, down which a sled would run of its own accord. The night was cold, and we were anxious for the boots; so we did not linger on the way.

As we were about to rap at the door, we heard rather loud talking within, but after three or four brave

raps a coarse voice cried out, "Come in," and we ventured. There sat Reuel Tyner, and he seemed to be the only polite person in the house. He was the uncle of Mrs. Speers, the shoemaker's wife, who looked, just then, as if she wished we had not intruded upon their active quarrel.

"Come to the fire, my boys," said Reuel; "uncle Alick's boys, are you? ah! if I had such a father as he is I wouldn't be what I am now, a homeless and abused hireling. But here, boys, sit down," he said, jostling the shoemaker so that his awl pierced his finger, and offering us the only vacant chair to be seen in the room, for us both to sit upon. Boys should always make the best of circumstances, and so we both sat on one chair. We

did not wish to make Mrs. Speers feel that her house was poorly furnished.

"Boots not ready yet," said the shoemaker; "would have been if this drunken idler had not bothered me for the last hour. But I can have them finished if you will wait twenty minutes." The man then began to quarrel again, as if that would help him on with his work. The wife, too, with a crying baby in her arms, abused her uncle, and at last said, "You're a drunkard; you shall not stay here; leave my house!"

"It's hard for one to be put out of the house of his relations," said he. "Ah! Melinda! turn your own uncle out such a night as this! Shame! I'm your mother's brother. I never was unkind to you——"

"Not another word," said the shoemaker. "Out at once! Begone!" But Reuel did not show the least haste. Mr. Speers then rushed upon him; they grappled, we cried, Mrs. Speers cried, and the baby screamed, and Gyp crept under the shoe-bench, trembling and whining. He would have been glad to sink through the floor. The men cursed and struck each other, reeling and rolling themselves out of the house into the snow. A huge mastiff bolted from his kennel, barking furiously. Down went the baby screaming into the cradle, and out went Mrs. Speers with the tongs in her hand. But there was no danger of her venturing near enough to these brutal men to do either of them any harm. Reuel lay in the snow,

with a steadier hand than his upon his throat. It was the first fight we had ever seen, and we looked on, just because we did not know what else to do.

"Now will you go?" asked the shoemaker, no doubt shaking Reuel fiercely, so as to be cruel enough to satisfy his own anger.

"Yes!" gasped the injured man, "*yes!*—don't choke me after I have said *yes!*" Reuel was soon on his feet, and when I saw the blood on his face and hands, the sin of fighting began to appear more heartless and cruel than I had ever before regarded it. The thought of running for home with all my might came into my mind, and still we did not start. Melinda brought Reuel his hat, which was the only

kindness we had seen her do, the whole time, to any one; and as she said, "Now begone," he replied, "Thank you, I will," and he passed down to the road.

Just then, little Gyp seemed to think it was his best moment for an escape. He sprung through the door, and all at once met the huge mastiff, which filled him with such terror that he took the wrong path, and was on the way to the kennel. The two rulers of the house had already got into the room where the baby was crying as if the whirlwind of passion were carrying it away also, and there was no one to prevent the mastiff from following the wicked example of his master. Gyp was seized, and choked again and again, while he was yelling out "yes,"

as well as he could. Poor little spaniel! there was one broken cry, and he cried no more. He was dead!

We scarcely knew what to do, but were resolved upon not entering that stormy house again. The mastiff was ordered into the room, and Mrs. Melinda came out, talking in a strain like the following:

"Come in, boys. What! is your dog hurt? Dead, isn't he? Frightened to death, poor fellow! Too bad! Well, this all comes from having a drunkard about the house! Boys, don't you ever be drunkards!" [We thought we wouldn't ever be.] "But don't think we are cruel. We served him right, I won't have him about, if he is my mother's brother. Don't tell uncle Alick about us. Come in,"

[and she went in.] "Oh my poor baby, the naughty drunkard shall not have you! No, no, he sha'n't kiss you, nor take you away."

The shadow of the house lay upon poor dead Gyp, but still his glassy eye was seen turned toward us, as if he had looked for us to come to his aid, in his last moments. We put him on the hand-sled, and were slipping away as quietly as possible, when the shoemaker called out that Charles' boots were ready for his feet. But the boy would not venture into the room to try them on. In a few minutes more, both pairs were brought to us, and without putting them on as we had intended, we left the dwellers of that house to think upon their sins.

Our fear, all the way home was, lest we should meet with Reuel. Our eyes were set toward every fence corner, and stump, and our ears listening for some groan or startling call. We reached the house, saw uncle Alick sitting near the window of the kitchen, and dashed in to tell our exciting story, when lo! there sat Reuel crouching near the stove. His face was stained with blood, and his hands were pressed firmly upon his frosted ears.

"Come in, boys, do not be afraid," said uncle Alick very softly. "You know Reuel, he will not hurt you."

"Ah! you saw me once before to-night, not quite so well off as I am here, didn't you, boys?" said Reuel, with a smile that did not attract us very

much. "Did they beat your dog as they did me? I heard him yell. Was he hurt?"

The story was told with many sobs on my part, and many attempts to comfort me, on the part of uncle Alick and his visitor. We could not bear the idea of having the dead spaniel buried frozen, and so uncle drew on his boots, and did us a kindness by putting Gyp where he would be safe till morning.

"Now, uncle Alick," said Reuel; after uncle returned, "this is hard, I have a dog's life of it. They call me a drunkard. Am I a drunkard?"

"Well, Reuel, you know that you drink a great deal, and are often drunk."

"That's a fact, a solemn fact. Can't

deny such a fact. But I was not drunk when they put me out of the house. I had slept off the fit, and then had taken just one dram, and that very man, sir; drank with me. Yes, sir, he drank my health, and now just look at me! There, sir, look at that; you see I have not half emptied the bottle," said he, holding up a quart flask which had somehow not been broken in the fray.

"Well, Reuel, do you think that you are any the better, or happier, for your drams?"

"See here, uncle Alick," said he, setting his face in earnest in full front of my uncle's, "see here, you're a temperance man, a cold water man. I wouldn't work for you last harvest, because you would not give your men

whiskey. But I'd do it now, sir. You are president of the Temperance Society. I've heard you speak on the subject. I know your arguments." [Here Reuel stood up and looked quite manly withal.] "Yes, sir, cold water's the best. It's the only drink God ever made for man. Cold water would'nt get a man such a bloody face as mine. And, sir, there is no tapering off to this business. A man must quit drinking liquor all at once, and must stay quit. Your plan is the only safe one, sir. Total abstinence! aye, that's it. Yes, sir, I'm a teetotaller after this. Let's have your pledge, I'll begin right now."

"Better wait till morning, Reuel."

"No, write one now. I want to sign it now."

"Better come, wash yourself, bathe your forehead, and after a good sleep to-night, you will be more fully aware of what you are doing."

"But I'm ready now. Let me give you my name, and I'll be off. I don't want to stay here and trouble you all night."

"Oh you are not going away at this hour of the night; where would you go? I think you will be as comfortable here as anywhere else."

"Uncle Alick, you are my best friend. A drunkard never has any friends. The very man that drinks out of his bottle will turn round and drive him from the house. You're a good Samaritan. You're a Christian. You are a gentleman. You are too good——."

"Well, Reuel, come now, here is a basin of warm water."

"Rather have cold, sir, if you please. I'm a cold water man now."

By this time we boys had no fear of Reuel. As he washed his face and set his hair back, we saw that he had a full broad forehead, and lips that did not love to pass cross words. As I handed him a towel, he said,

"Ah! boys, you see what rum does! Don't you ever touch it. It always leads a man into bad company. It makes his friends hate him. It turns him out of doors many a cold night. It burns up his body and destroys his soul. Don't I know that the good book says, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?' and yet the love of rum made me a drunk-

ard. Don't ever taste one drop of it. God bless you, my good little boys."

It was arranged that Reuel should sleep in the same room with us boys, because it was warm. We went up the stairs, and were soon wrapped snugly in the covers. Uncle brought Reuel up, showed him a bed opposite to ours, and left him. Our eyes were not off him one minute. He took off his coat, uttered a moan or two when he saw how it was torn, and took something from his pocket. Lo! there was the bottle again. He held it up to the light, looked wishfully at it, and drew the cork. I expected to see it put to his lips. But making a large spoon of one hand, he poured some rum into it, and began to bathe his wounds."

"Not a drop of ye goes down my throat any more," said he, as he placed the bottle on the stand. This quieted our nerves, and we lay still. But his eye caught ours, and he gave us another temperance lecture. "Ah! boys, don't you ever drink rum, and you'll not be likely to have wounds to need bathing with it." Then rolling into bed he said something about "what a good place it was," and in a few minutes we heard his breath long and strong through his nostrils. My thoughts then turned toward the dead Gyp, and Rover lying all alone in his cold kennel.

The next morning we found Reuel on the porch making a friend of Rover. "There, boys," said he, pulling a paper out of his pocket, "I've got

it now. That's my temperance Pledge, and my name is written on there so strong that nobody can get it off." He was indeed a happy man. When he left us, after breakfast, his heart seemed too full to allow the expression of thanks which he wished to make. One thing, however, we were sorry to see, for in spite of all entreaties he would carry with him his half-filled bottle. He and Rover are yet to meet again, and then we will see how he kept his pledge.

CHAPTER III.

Rover at the Mill.

Did you ever notice a young dog when looking intently on some object that lay near him?—how he turned his head one side a little and looked, then turned it the other side and gazed; then curled in his nose and tipped forward his ears, and strained his eyes in a deep study? Thus Rover was standing in the door-way, one chilly May morning, with his eyes intent upon something near the kitchen stove.

He had learned better manners than

to come into the house, for when quite small he wanted to curl down upon the rug almost all the time. Scolding and whipping did not teach him to keep out of the room. But one day he crept into a basket, and went to sleep. Charles came along, took the basket, and hung it up quite near to the ceiling. After more than an hour Rover waked from his long nap, and looked over the edge of the basket. It was well that he looked before he leaped, or he might have broken his neck—a good rule indeed for us all. He saw that it was a great deal farther now from the basket to the floor, than he had lately found it from the floor to the basket. And so we always find that it is quite easy to go from safety into danger, but it is very hard to get

from danger back into safety. It is much easier to pass from right to wrong than from wrong back again to right. Rover's only help was to make a great noise and cry for some one to come and take him down. When on the floor he was very much ashamed, and he never forgot the lesson he had learned in the dear school of painful experience. He would not come into the house. So Rover stood in the door, looking at something wrapt in a blanket, and his limbs jerked nervously whenever he saw the motion of a hidden foot. I had been watching him, but had turned away for a moment, when Bridget came, and suddenly hurled a stick at the studious Rover. The poor fellow was hurt and limped to his kennel, howling as

if he intended to publish abroad the foolish fears and the anger of Bridget.

"Why did you throw such a club at him? he was doing no harm," I asked of the offender.

"Well, my little mister," said she, in one of her wise ways, "it's never safe for a young dog to be looking with a wishful eye at temptation. That little black lamb is not three days old yet, and it's the first black one of the flock, and if it's not nursed tenderly it'll die afore the day does, and what then will ye give to yer small gentleman, Myron Evans, for that howling cub yonder?"

"He was only looking playfully at the lamb."

"Yes, and that's the way that harm comes, first look at a lamb and then

kill it. It's never safe to look at temptation, and it's not amiss at all to teach you young lads the same thing."

Ah! yes, Bridget, you were right. I see now that many a lad has been led into sin, by being allowed to fix his eyes upon it. A certain boy looked often at Mr. Butler's knife as it lay upon the teacher's desk, and before many days had passed he stole it. Another set his eyes upon some beautiful blushing apples upon a tree that he often passed, and soon after he was caught stealing them. Our first mother Eve was tempted partly in this way. She saw that the forbidden "tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes," and soon took of the fruit, and did eat, and thus came sin into the world. The

wise man said, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red," for the next thing would be to taste it, then drink it by the glass, then be a drunkard.

"I only want to see," said a playmate of mine once to his mother.

"Well, you may go and just take a little look," said she. So he went to the door of a beautiful saloon, and saw the red decanters, the fine papered and pictured walls, and some men playing cards. It was only a little look, but before long he wanted to have a longer look, and then went to spend hours looking and hearing, and wishing that he might take the cup and toss the card. He was ruined.

Rover only wanted to see. Perhaps he might have grown bolder,

after a while, and injured the black lamb; but I could not believe it then, and told him so when patting him, and trying to comfort him as he lay whimpering in his kennel. He was not much hurt, and in half an hour he went with me to Mr. Evans', where I wanted to see Myron, and where Rover might see his brother Noble. Myron was not at home; so I went into the mill.

A mill has ever been my admiration. I once thought that a millwright must be one of the most ingenious of mortals, and the miller one of the best natured. I could look for hours on the great wheel, and wonder whence came all the water that fell upon it, and where it all went after the wheel had rolled it

away. Did the little fishes above the wheel ever get safely down to see the little fishes that slyly played below? If they were as venturous as boys often are, they would certainly make the effort, and find, as rash lads do, that when half-way down the dangerous career, there is no getting back again.

The mill is a moral instructor, and with the picture, we give one of its lessons, repeated just as it was once told by one of the "Visitors."

EVER grinding goes the mill,
By the ever noisy rill;
Through the night and in the morn
Crushing both the wheat and corn.
And the miller takes his toll
With his olden wooden bowl.

If the miller fall to sleep,
In the enemy will creep,

Steal the wheat and slily laugh
As he flings in sand and chaff;
Grit he mixes with the meal,
Or throws in blocks to break the wheel;
Then the miller takes no toll
For many days with wooden bowl.

Ah! this mill is but the heart
Made by super-human art;
Man's the miller, and when still,
May hear the throbbing of the rill,
Or when busy he may grind
The words of truth put in the mind;
Man the miller takes his toll
In richest knowledge for the soul.

If he sleep, the watching foe
Wicked thoughts and words will throw
In the mill; and they will spoil
All the gains of mental toil;
Error's grit will be his share,
Broken wheels will need repair;
He will take no truth for toll
'Till the Lord renews his soul.

Rover cared little for the words "No admittance" written over one of

the doors, and snuffing along the floor, he entered a small room. Seeing a rope hanging quite low, he laid hold of it, in sport, and began to pull with all his might. If "Hands off," had been written upon it, that would have made no difference. He must meddle with every thing that would interest him. So he tugged away at the rope, and all at once the mill stopped! One wheel had been drawn from its place, and the others could not move.

The miller was quite surprised, but soon thought what the trouble was, and rushing into the small room, found Rover growling and pulling at the rope. Had the miller been like some men, he would have given Rover a kick hard enough to lift him

off his feet, but when I came in, the good-natured man was laughing in the merriest mood. All he had to do, was to pull another rope, and set the mill again in motion. So Rover went unpunished.

One mischief often leads to another. Rover next thought he would inquire a little into some flour that was in a small box, but he snuffed it so hard that it whitened his face, and filled his eyes, and then starting back he tilted over another box and spilt the flour all over him. He was then severely rebuked, and ran from the mill, shaking himself as if he was ashamed to be laughed at for his meddlesome folly. He tried to wash the flour off by bathing in the stream, but this only made the matter worse. It is

thus generally with those who try to mend or hide the mischief they have done. It is like washing out the marks on a white-washed wall, in order to escape detection; the more you wash, the worse the wall appears. It is like eating garlic to remove from the breath the fragrance of onions!

"Good for him," said the miller, "it will teach him not to be so meddlesome. And that is something well worth learning. I never knew any one to get hurt in the mill, if he paid attention to the words 'no admittance,' and 'hands off.' Let me tell you a story."

"Oh look there!" shouted Black Birdie, rustling into the mill to get some flour in her pail, "look! the swallows are making fun of Rover,

for being white-washed. That's no way for him to get a white-coat, for when it washes off he will be as black as ever, and now he is laughed at for his folly."

"Let me tell my story," said the miller, after Birdie had gone. "One night some wag crept in through the door of the mill, took down that sign, and carried it across to Parton's grocery, and put it over his door."

"So he stole your sign, did he?"

"I suppose it was stealing, but he thought I would get it again. The next morning two men came early to the grocery to get a dram, and seeing the door shut, and the sign over it, they began to wonder what it meant. 'No admittance!' said one as he read it; 'Mr. Parton must be sick this

morning.' 'Well, let us go on to the next tavern,' said the others, and on they went. After a while some teamsters came along, and as they were watering their horses at the trough, Mr. Parton stood in his door anxious for customers, and called out 'Come in, and get warm, I've got some first-rate liquor now.'

"'No, sir!' shouted one of the teamsters, 'your sign reads, "no admittance!" Good sign for a dram-shop, Mr. Parton.' The teamsters were all laughing at the dram-seller, and he came out of the shop to read his new and appropriate sign.

"'Let it be,' said one of the men, 'you'll never have so good a sign again, and if you would write on every bottle and barrel you have got,

'hands off,' you would have it complete. If I could, I would have such a sign over every dram-shop in the land.' But Mr. Parton was quite angry, tore down the sign, and hurried to put it into his stove." The shop was for a long time after nicknamed the 'no admittance grocery.'"

"I guess dram-sellers would not like to have such a sign as that," said I.

"No; it would injure their trade if men would heed it. I do not suppose we have any right to put 'no admittance,' over their doors, but we can imagine it to be there. I heard one of those teamsters say that he always thought of it afterward, as he passed by, and resolved never to enter such a shop again if he could help it. So there was some good done."

By this time Myron Evans appeared, and when told that the promised black lamb had made its appearance at our house, he declared that he could not wait another day to have it home. We hastened to talk with his mother on the subject.

"Why, no," said Mrs. Evans, "let it stay with its mother a few weeks longer. The poor sheep will not like to lose her lamb so soon."

"But it does not stay with her now, and she won't feel so badly about losing it now, as she will after a while," argued Myron.

"How will you raise it?"

"By hand. It can drink out of a cup already."

"But you cannot stay out of school to take care of it, and I am sure I

have my own lambs to take care of. Who will feed it?"

"I will," said Birdie, "I know how, for uncle Alick gave me a little lamb once that could not walk, and I took care of it, and now it's a big sheep, and mother says she would be lonely when I am away, if it was not for it."

"Very well, you may go and bring it home," said Mrs. Evans, "for I suppose you count a fortune in that lamb. Take the buggy, and be very careful how you drive."

"Well, mother, if I have been driving old John all the afternoon, I think I can drive him safely enough now, don't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so, but old horses sometimes play strange pranks with young drivers."

We were soon on the way through the first lane, talking in great glee, and laughing at Rover as he tried to brush the flour off him by running among the bushes. Birdie sat with Myron on the seat, and I stood up behind, clinging to the top of it. All at once Rover dashed out from the hazels, and frightened old John, so that as he sprang forward, I fell backward to the ground. I only remember seeing Mr. Evans's house as I fell, and the severe pain which I felt, while my young friends were lifting me into the buggy. Later in the evening, I awoke as from a dream, wondering where I was, and how I came there. There was uncle Alick bending over my cot, and asking, "Do you know me? Do you know who this is?"

"Doctor Wells; what's the matter, Doctor?"

"I am quite well, and am glad that you are better," he replied.

I did not know that the family had been so anxious lest I should never recover, nor recognize them again. My reply gave them great joy, but the time was one of great pain to me.

I learned afterward, that the black lamb had been taken to its new home, and there are now some dim memories of uncle Alick talking to me of the bright world above, and reading the Bible and kneeling by my pillow, and imploring the blessing of God upon me, before I fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

Rover at the Bedside.

THERE are some persons who ridicule those little books which are written about good children who died quite young. To me they are sacred. I never got the idea from them that all good children die early, and that if I tried to be like them I would die at an early age. Nor do I think that any one else ever really came to such a conclusion. One of these books made a lasting impression on my mind.

It was a beautiful spring day, the next week after my fall, when Rover

and I were playing under one of the trees in the front yard. I was sitting in a chair, and throwing a ball for him to hunt in the grass, and bring to me. He was also learning to catch the ball in his mouth, when tossed at him.

"Well, don't you think you could read a little?" asked Aunt Anna, a widowed sister of Uncle Alick, who lived but a little way off, and who had come to see me that morning. "It might be as profitable as to play with that dog." Aunt Anna did not like dogs.

"Yes, Aunt, and I do read some now, every day. I'm going to work at Rollin's Ancient History to-morrow.

"Well, see here, I have brought you a little book that will do you good if you will read it. It will tell

you what to do while you are sick, and if you should never get well—"

Aunt Anna could not finish the sentence for her weeping. I took the book, and read, "Nathan W. Dickerman," on the title-page. I had never cared to read it, and had not my aunt shown such tenderness toward me, it probably would have been carelessly laid on the shelf for the next Sabbath, and perhaps not been read then. But her unfinished sentence kept ringing in my ears. "If you should never get well——" I knew what she wanted to say, and her broken sentence gave me a great deal of light. It was like a flash of lightning, which once afterward showed me my danger, when I was out of my path on a dark night. I was going

home and had a bridge to cross. I could see nothing, but thought that I was feeling my way safely, when all at once the flash of lightning showed me that I was just about to step over a steep bank into the swift cold waters of the stream. I then knew where I was, and found my way to the bridge.

I now saw that I had been near to the brink of death, nor had I found the way across its swift and cold stream. For some time I did not care for Rover, and paid all my attention to the little book, until he came dashing upon me, tilted over the chair and rolled me out upon the grass. Then he sat down on his haunches close to me, putting one paw on my breast, as if he meant that I should not get up, and to please him I lay there too long.

"Why, Maxwell!" cried my Aunt Anna, "you will surely catch cold lying there on the ground. What if you should be sick again, and never get well!"

"I forgot about that," I replied.

"Don't you think it would be better not to think so much of your dog, and to think more about yourself?"

"Yes, aunt, but Rover thinks so much of me that I cannot get rid of him."

"Well, bring him in the house with you," said she, much to my surprise, for a dog in the house was her utter detestation. "Come, Rover," said I, "aunt won't scold you this time. Come right along, and be a gentleman in the parlour."

But not a foot would he put over

the threshold. Aunt Anna smiled and promised him the most perfect safety, and I coaxed him, and tossed the ball across the room, but not a step would he take into the parlour. He remembered the basket on the wall.

"Now, aunt," I asked, "don't you really think that he is the politest dog you ever saw? His good manners would just suit you. And see what a fine eye he has."

"Yes, and he has a fine ear too, for he seems to know when you flatter him. See him now." There sat Rover looking in our faces as if he were saying, "Do you also observe this broad chest, and this high forehead, and these erect ears?" He looked sublime in his vanity.

"Now, aunt, say if there is not one

dog in the world that you can admire? 'Love me, love my dog,' you know."

"He is like some people whom I have seen—he looks the best when he feels the proudest."

"Well, aunt, he is proud of you. I should not be surprised if you would invite him into your house when we come to see you the next time."

"I begin to fear that you will not come unless he be allowed to sit on the sofa with you."

"I will bring him then, as soon as I get well, and we will see whether he will be afraid to enter your door."

"I hope you may soon be well again, but I have been thinking that if it had not been for him you would not have been almost killed by your fall."

"Why, aunt, I do not blame him for that. He meant no harm."

"Perhaps God meant it for your good. If it had not been for your fall, perhaps you would not be willing to read the little book I brought you."

"I will read it, aunt, for your sake."

"No, Maxwell, I would rather you would read it for your own sake—I mean for the sake of your soul." At this my good aunt turned away, for she could say no more without weeping. I sat down by the window and began to read the little book. Its pages were turned too rapidly, but no one can tell how the story of "Nathan W. Dickerman" made me feel. For the first time I saw myself a sinner, in danger of being lost, and wished that I was a Christian.

In a few hours it was found that I had taken a severe cold, probably by lying on the grass. The intense pains which my fall had caused, began to come back, and a burning fever set in.

My sickness continued for several weeks. I can remember how my Aunt Mary wept, how Uncle Alick prayed, how the cheerful old doctor came day after day bringing the best of sunshine with him, and how my kind Aunt Anna sat by my bedside and read the little book to me, always saying something, in a very gentle way, for my good.

Poor Rover had been greatly blamed for the part he had taken both in my fall and in my fever, and he seemed to lay it sadly to heart. Aunt Anna watched him, and said that she verily

believed he made the most careful preparations to come in and see me, by bathing in the brook several times and letting the sunshine wipe him dry and put the most beautiful gloss upon him.

He had sometimes been seen with his fore-feet upon the outside window-sill, stretching himself up and looking in upon me when I knew not what he was doing. But after a few days he found the curtains drawn close, and then he made bold to enter the room under cover of the doctor's cloak. Aunt Anna patted him a little, and he softly came to my bedside, put his cheek upon my hand, looked into my eyes, and seemed to weep. I spoke to him, pinched his ear after the old fashion, and he was so de-

lighted that he did his very best to speak. From that hour he was my most constant attendant, often with my good aunt. She began to love him, and he did all he could to return the affection. When she went home, he would go with her to her gate, and then hasten back. If she was absent when I seemed very sick, he would run and summon her.

I cannot help thinking that Rover's attentions had something to do with my recovery from a long sickness, and he might come in for a share of the praise which Mrs. Browning gives to her dog Flush.

"Other dogs may be thy peers
Happy in these drooping ears
And this glossy fairness.

But of thee it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed,

Day and night unweary,
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
Round the sick and dreary.

Roses gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace
Beam and breeze resigning—
This dog only, waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone,
Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew
Tracked the hares and followed through
Sunny moor and meadow—
This dog only, crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear
Up the woodside hieing—
This dog only, watched in reach
Of a faintly uttered speech
Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,

Or a sigh came double—
Up he sprang in eager haste
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

And this dog was satisfied,
If a pale thin hand would glide
Down his dewlaps sloping—
Which he pushed his nose within,
After platforming his chin,
On the palm left open.

Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly not scornfully,
Render praise and favor!
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said,
Therefore, and for ever."

CHAPTER V.

Rover on Guard Duty.

"THERE'S a good deal of moral principle in a dog, if he has been well trained in his youth," said Uncle Alick one day to a friend, as they were sitting by a window, talking of old times. A poor woman had just passed round to the side door, leaving her basket at the root of a tree. Rover had come along, to see that she had no evil intentions, and had walked slowly to the basket, and taken a peep at its contents. There he stood gazing, and showing himself to be as

black and glossy a dog, as ever you saw, with scarce a curl on him, except that graceful curve described by his tail as it was rounded up over his back.

"See that fellow!" said Uncle Alick. "He seems to have a conscience. He is quite sure that there is something in that basket which he would like, for we are having a late dinner to-day, and he must be hungry. But he is debating what he will do."

"Desire on the one hand, and conscience on the other, you think? But conscience seems to prevail. See, he lies down now, as if he had assumed to act as guard."

After a little, there came a man shabbily dressed and very dusty, who had concluded that his wife had

found some dinner and who wished to share equal privileges with herself. If he must beg, he chose not to dine by the road-side, if he could be invited within doors, or perhaps he thought she had found a good chance for stealing, and he wished to have a share in the spoils. Seeing the basket, he made for it, in no little haste. Rover gave fair warning, as a French guard would do by presenting bayonet at a foreigner who should attempt to enter the emperor's palace without a proper pass. But the dusty man made a resolute spring forward, and came so near grasping the basket, that he overturned it, and as Rover came fully up to his assumed duty, he brought about a fray, and in the fray the contents of the basket were strewn

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upon the grass. Uncle Alick did not suppose that Rover would injure the man, and leisurely went to the scene.

No wonder the woman did not wish to carry the basket into the house, for it might be examined. No wonder the vagrant man had been so eager to get it into his possession, for he had a prize therein. There lay in full view a well-dressed chicken, both tender and good, as Rover, doubtless, had imagined. There, too, were some silver spoons and jewelry.

Rover kept his man at bay, as if he thought it wise not only to wait for the woman to claim her basket, but to invite an examination of all that had been in it. Of course, I do not mean to intimate that he could read the name engraved on the

spoons, for he had not yet attained to such an accomplishment. He simply fancied that the strangers had no right to the property over which he had posted himself as guard, and in this he was correct. He was keeping it for the woman, who had a long and marvellous story to tell, much more wonderful than the one I am now telling. She appeared, and by this time uncle Alick suspected something wrong, for silver spoons do not usually form part of an honest beggar's goods. So he said, "Watch them, Rover."

"Away with you!" grumbled the woman, but Rover would not away. He had orders now from a high authority, and his notion of a faithful guard was, to obey orders.

"Call off your dog!" cried the vagrants, muttering about their proerty, and execrating and denouncing the guard, as well as complaining of uncle Alick for the orders he had given.

"Why, you have rather a valuable store there, for persons travelling as you are," said uncle Alick.

"Yes, sir, bless you," replied the woman, who seemed to be the chief of the two; "we are very poor now, sir; that's the last of our fortune. We were rich enough to be comfortable once. But the hard times came on us," [Rover looked at her as if he did not believe one word she said.] "awful times they were, sir, in the old country, and we spent all that we had left in coming where the good people

always welcome foreigners. But, oh sir, I couldn't part with the spoons! No, sir; not at all, at all! They were my dear mother's last gift to me, and that broach there, sir, was her bridal present to me. Your women folks have been very kind to me, sir, and now if you'll only let us go on our way, I'll not honour you, sir, by asking anything more at all."

Aunt Anna had been moved with pity, at hearing a different version of her story but a few minutes before, and had given her some money.

"But this fowl," said uncle Alick, "is that a relic of your fortune?"

"Well, sir, a lady was good enough to give us the biddy, to carry to our daughter, who lives farther on than we thought. It's a rare kind, sir, but

we couldn't carry the poor thing, and so we killed it, and pulled the feather's off as we walked along."

"What is your name, if you please?" Uncle Alick had the spoons in his hand.

"That's not my name on them, sir, you see they once belonged to a rich lady, who gave them to my mother."

"Her name, if you please."

"And, sir, it escapes me, just now in the fright, but if I see the letters on the spoons, it will come to mind, sir. Upon my word, sir, I am telling the truth."

"I think I know these spoons; they seem to be some that I gave away once as a present. There is the maker's name too." The woman was foiled. Aunt Anna, whose at-

tention had been called to the affair, appeared upon the scene, and was shown the silver.

"Why, did you ever! I left that chicken in my house when you sent for me to come and see our friend, and locked the door. But these people have broken in, in my absence. Surely, these are my spoons. See my initials? And that breast-pin too!" She was astonished.

"Do not be in haste," said uncle Alick to the vagrants. "Let us know what else you have, that does not belong to you."

"And we'll be off; it's nothing more that ye'll get out of us."

"Rover, watch them." He ran to the gate, preventing escape through that quarter. "I have no legal right

to stop them, but Rover will assume the authority of a sheriff, and we will see what else they may have done."

Aunt Anna was already on the way to her house, which stood a short distance off. Uncle Alick followed, and while the visitor and myself looked on, the beggars, closely hemmed in by the sharp-eyed guard, began to wonder what was to befall them. Then they quarrelled in as low voices as their anger would permit.

"If ye hadn't had yer own way," said she, "ye'd not had them in the basket."

Under excitement they each forgot to affect smooth English.

"Yes, indade; and if I didn't take care of ye, it's a poor out ye'd make of it, paddin' through the wourld."

No doubt, there was truth in her unamiable statement.

"Yer pack's so heavy now, ye'll not go a mile without groanin' under it."

"Och, but they've found it all out, they're a comin' again." He made another effort to force a passage. But the guard was indomitable.

"Deny the pack. Let me manage it," said she, in a gentle tone.

"Now be so accommodating as to show us where those silks and laces are," said uncle Alick. "You have a pack somewhere."

"He carry a pack! Such a worn-out body as he! An' it's a likely suspicion that ye have."

"Come now, show us the pack." Uncle opened the gate, and the woman started one way, and the man another.

"But which am I to follow?"

"Show it to him then;" said she, walking on quite rapidly. He pretended to obey, walked along the fence, looked into corners, but did not seem likely to find anything. Suspecting that she was hurrying away in the opposite direction, in order to prevent the pack from being found, or carrying off something which she had concealed about her, he pointed, saying, "Rover, watch now!" and she soon found him disputing the right of way.

"Now, sir, you go and bring me whatever stolen goods that woman has hidden about her, and we will find your pack, if possible." The man saw that Uncle Alick meant what he said, and soon brought back

the silks and laces. But the pack was not found.

"Come, Rover, track now," and uncle Alick found the track of the man, made when he was first coming to the gate. Rover snuffed the dust, and went in a zig-zag way until he found the pack in the direction which the woman had taken in her hurried march.

"Now, madam, be kind enough to open that pack." After much protesting, and utterance of abuse, and many angry tears, she loosed the strings. And such a chaos has rarely been packed! No peddler could desire a greater variety.

"There is nothing of mine there," said Aunt Anna, who had begun to pity the "poor creatures," and even

before the laces were found, besought Uncle Alick to let them go, saying, "It seems harsh to search them so closely." But he thought that "it would teach them a lesson they had never committed well enough to memory, and would make them more honest."

"Ah, more spoons? Odd ones—and more jewelry? What is in that silk handkerchief?"

"A little money, sir. My poor man may come to want yet."

"And that stuffed away there?"

"Just a rag, sir?"

"Rather a new one, I think," said Uncle Alick, pulling it out of the pack."

"Why, Aunt Anna, there is your shawl!" said I, for I had been so in-

terested in what was going on, that, with my cane, I had got some distance from the house.

"Sure enough! It must be mine, for here is my mark on it."

"We will relieve you of that, madam," said Uncle Alick, and seeing nothing more that he could claim, he gave them some excellent advice, and told them that the wide world was theirs to roam in, but that very much of the property in it was not theirs to appropriate. They departed with more experience, but whether with any repentance and improvement, is quite doubtful. I may say, just here, that Uncle Alick took measures afterwards to have the vagrants arrested, and the stolen property restored to the owners, as far as it could be done.

"Why, Maxwell, how is it that you are out of the house?" uncle said. "Is not this too much of a walk for you?" So picking me up, he carried me to the house. It was my first walk for several weeks, and my last for several days.

Our visitor thought Rover a "most astonishing dog," in which opinion Aunt Anna was perfectly agreed. She intended that he should have all the eatable part of the stolen and recovered property, for the vagrants had indignantly refused to accept of the well-dressed chicken when pressed upon them as a gift.

"Cook it then first, so that he will not know it as the same one," said Uncle Alick, "for I don't wish him to think, (if he can think,) that because

he guards anything he is to have part of it. If he adopts this doctrine, it may prove rather destructive of our lambs, when he watches them in the yard here and keeps them off the garden. And besides, after such a reward he may attack some of these poor people when they come."

"It might save you some trouble if he should," said our visitor. "I would not object to that. They are a miserable set."

"If so, we should not be unkind to them. An honest beggar may come next time. What do you think about it, Anna? Are you as ready to listen to them, and give them money?"

"I shall listen more cautiously. But I was just thinking, that if I had not listened to the woman's pitiful

story, she would not have remained in the house long enough for Rover to act the part which he so ably performed, and my stolen articles would have been gone, and I would have been puzzled to know what had become of them, and perhaps charged the theft on some innocent person. I would give ten times as much as I gave her, rather than harbour such a suspicion. Now I know who did'nt steal the spoons, as well as who did."

"Who would you have suspected."

"It is not best to mention names. If we do so once, we are apt to do so again, and the whisper gets out and a rumour is started, and then some poor body is sure to be slandered. But it is some one who, as you said the other day, was honest and worthy in your

opinion, and I shall now think so after this."

"One case of deception, then, does not lead you to think ill of people generally," said our visitor. "You seem to think all the better of your neighbours, and perhaps of the world at large."

"All the more charitably at least."

"And charity hides a multitude of sins." Indeed it does, and let us keep enlarging its mantle, by knitting pity and mercy to its edges, so that it may cover all those whom we know are tempted, and whom we may suspect of doing us an injury.

For as Uncle Alick said that day, "it is better to run the risk of being imposed upon, than to indulge suspicion, and make that an excuse for re-

fusing to do a kindness. We can forgive the imposition, and perhaps forget it, but a suspicion burns deeper and deeper within us, until we become little volcanoes, throwing out scorching lava upon our neighbours, instead of pure fountains filling the cup for the meanest beggar that stops to drink, as well as for the most honest labourer, who quenches his thirst, cools his brow, and thanks his God."

CHAPTER VI.

Rover had not Lived in Vain.

"Now, my lad," said the good Dr. Wells, one day when about to leave, "I think I may give you into the hands of your friend Rover, for I need not leave you any more medicine, if he will engage to keep you in a cheerful mood."

"He wants to help me all he can, Doctor," said I, "and is trying to get me out on the grass."

"Well, it is not best to get on the grass too soon, for you might stay there too long again." Then speaking

to Aunt Anna, he said, "If Rover had a part in bringing on your nephew's sickness, I think we must allow him a part in his recovery. Noble dog! there is not one like him mentioned in all the Bible."

"The Bible does not speak very highly of dogs," she replied, "although our Saviour ascribed a great deal of kindness to those that were so attentive to poor Lazarus, for comforting him in his sorrows."

"And the remarkable thing about that is, that the Jews did not have dogs about their homes as we do. The dogs mentioned in the Bible were generally wild and savage, and prowled about the streets as a sort of town-wolves. Nobody tamed and petted them. They were forbidden

as unclean. They were despised as mean and unfriendly. They were not the faithful dogs that sometimes draw children out of the water, or watch by the bedside of a sick master. A dog, therefore, is rarely mentioned in Scripture with honour."

"And that is why certain wicked men are compared to dogs," said Aunt Anna.

"Yes, and very bad dogs too. Not to such a noble fellow as Rover, but to such as roamed about in Syria, when Hazael asked, in scorn of the prediction that he would commit a most wicked deed, 'Is thy servant a dog?' "

"And you think that kindness to them makes them what they are now?"

"Certainly; and kindness will tame some of that sort of people, who are compared to them. Give them a home, see that they are well clothed and fed, and treated in a friendly way, and it will work a great change in their treatment of us, and then, with the power of the Bible upon them, they may become like lambs, and be a part of the great flock of the Good Shepherd."

So it is human kindness that has tamed and ennobled the dog. I was thinking of this, after the doctor left, and was trying to call up to mind some of the dogs of the Bible, when Rover gave some one to understand that he was on picket-duty, and was waiting for the pass-word. Looking toward the gate, I saw a man

coming up the walk, carrying a box, and when he set it on the porch I saw there was a squirrel in it.

"Do you know me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, Reuel Tyner." I put out my hand.

"I'm rather rough-fisted to take such a thin white hand as yours," said he, but he gave mine a good hearty shake, and held it, asking me, what was the matter. I explained. Rover had his eye on the squirrel, and paced nervously around the box.

"Ah! that's the dog that was so kind to me the morning I signed the temperance pledge. How he has grown! Three white toes yet! How sleek and shiny!"

"You remember him then?"

"I reckon I do! Never will forget him! why he helped make a temperance man of me."

"How was that?"

"Why, you see, I got up that morning very early. I felt awfully mean, and ashamed. I wanted to be off, and let nobody see me. When I came down stairs I found no one up about the house. I began to think your uncle did not care for me, and that he did not believe it was any use for me to sign the pledge. So I concluded to slip away, and never be seen again at his house. But the little dog came running to me, and I began to trip him up, and roll him over in the snow, and he snuffed and barked at me, until I felt better. He kept me there until your uncle came,

and called me into the house. And then he talked to me like a father, and I signed the pledge."

"Have you kept it?"

"Did you think I would keep it?"

"Uncle Alick always thought you would."

"There do you see that? That's the same old flask?" He held it up, and I was amazed.

"What's that in it?" I asked.

"Brandy. Just the same brandy that was in it when I signed the pledge. Your uncle wanted me to pour it out, but I told him I would keep it to remember my last spree by. I locked it up in my chest, when I went away surveying, and left it behind me. But I brought it to-day to let your uncle see it."

"I should think it would be dangerous to keep it."

"It can't hurt me, if I don't drink it. I keep it, so that I can see my old enemy once in a while, and remember my victory over him. It's a kind of satisfaction to see him my prisoner, and tell him that he never will get me in his power again."

"But are you not tempted sometimes?"

"I was for a while. It was hard work at first to keep him in there. I've been west with some surveyors, and they used to drink, and try to put the bottle to my mouth, but I kept sober in spite of them. Have not tasted a drop; and do you see that? That's what saved me." Reuel drew from his pocket a Testament, and

handed me. "Your uncle gave me that when I signed the pledge."

"Have you read it?" I could see that it had been well thumbed.

"Yes, and I used to get my comrades around me in our tent, and read it to them. I persuaded two of them to quit drinking. Do you see that? The first two names after mine are theirs." He gave me a pledge signed by several persons.

"Why, it is the same old pledge that uncle wrote for you."

"Yes, and it is as full as it can hold. I want him to paste it on a larger paper, and then I'm going to get the names of all the hard cases I can. I think I'll have shoemaker Speers' name there yet. That will be my revenge on him."

"What other paper is this?"

"Read it." So I read thus:

"We, whose names are here subscribed, solemnly pledge ourselves before Almighty God that we will no longer use profane language, nor play cards." Reuel's name stood as the first of five signatures.

"I got four of our surveyors to sign it, and I'm going to get more names. This kind of work keeps me up; it makes me stronger; for it is doing good. Keep doing good and the evil one won't trouble you half so much. That's my doctrine now."

Rover was sitting on his haunches, still eyeing the squirrel. Reuel went on telling me how he had made money, and sent it to his widowed sister, and how her boys were going to school

with as good clothes and as new books as anybody's boys need have. "And they will be temperance boys too," said he, "for I showed them my old enemy, the other night, shut up here in his prison, and they declared that he never should get out to bind his chains on them."

"That is a beautiful squirrel you have there," said I, greatly wondering why Reuel had brought him along.

"Oh yes; I like to have forgot what I came for. You see this temperance business takes all my thoughts. Now ——" (Reuel took the box on his knee, and began to open it)— "now I've felt sorry about that little spaniel you lost. If it had not been for me, he would not have been killed. I've thought about it ever since. And so

I've got something for you—it's nothing to what your little dog was, but I want you to have this squirrel."

"Oh thank you, sir! where did you get him?" The squirrel had sat a moment on Reuel's hand, and then he sprung upon the top of his head, and there he seated himself, and was barking at Rover, while Rover looked on astonished, and I was laughing.

"Found a nest of them in a tree that we cut down. I kept three of them."

"Did you carry them about over the country with you?"

"Yes, and used to pet them. They are young yet, but will be quite large when grown. I gave the others to my nephews. This is a real fox-squirrel."

"You are very kind, sir, indeed. I fear you will miss his company."

"Oh, it's nothing—nothing at all. I owe your uncle——"

"Why, how do you do, Reuel?"

"How are you, Uncle Alick?" Uncle Alick had come upon us by surprise. Their questions came fast, and answers were full, until they began to understand each other. The squirrel went into the parlour, and made himself at home. Then he passed into another room, and had the other part of the family admiring him. He sprang upon a bureau, peeped into the mirror set in the front of the clock, saw himself, and supposing the image to be a brother of his, he crept round to the back side of the clock to find him. He seemed amazingly puzzled.

Reuel talked of his old enemy, and said, "Now, Uncle Alick, I want you to take him, and when you hold a temperance meeting, just show him to the people, and tell them how to serve him. I am going to give him to the temperance society."

"Quite a strange idea," said Uncle Alick. "But perhaps it might do good to let people look the foe in the face, and consign him to perpetual imprisonment. We'll seal the flask, and label it, "The enemy captured!"

"And now, Uncle Alick, I want to work for you."

"Well, Reuel, you are just the man. I want you."

So the agreement was entered into, and Reuel became an inmate of the house. Often did we speak of how

much good Rover had been the means of doing to each of us. Reuel heaped "coals of fire," on the head of Mr. Speers, the shoemaker, in the scriptural way, by securing his name to the temperance pledge, and when Mrs. Speers was confessing to her Uncle Reuel, how wicked she and her husband had been, when they beat him and sent him away on a cold winter night, he said—"You meant it for evil, but God has over-ruled it for good."

CHAPTER VII.

Rover starting a Sabbath-school.

An Indian had told Reuel that Adjidaumo was the name for the red squirrel, and so my new pet was called Adjie. A larger box was fitted up for him, and out of one door he could step into a revolving cylinder, whose sides were made of open bars. It was his gymnasium, and there he had many a lively time, treading the wheel, until he made it whirl around so fast that he must have had a very dim view of those who were looking upon the sport.

He grew so tame that we voted him

the freedom of the house, and he made himself very free. From cellar to garret he went; into pantry and bureau he crept; through yard and garden he roamed, and in the barn and corn-crib he made himself as perfectly at home as his nature would permit. Although, taught by instinct to "beware of dogs," he learned that Rover would not hurt him. Yet they would never eat out of the same dish, nor shake hands.

Yet with all our efforts to civilize him, his nature could not be changed. He was a squirrel still; he wanted to be where squirrels are, and live as squirrels do. He saw the cat every day, but he could not form the home-like habits of Grimalkin. Though he often helped himself to a cake, it

never tasted quite so good as a beech-nut, and though he could sleep, through a cold winter night, in a warm box, yet this was not so pleasant to him, as to lie snug in a nest in a tree-top, and be swung by the winter's storm. It may be easy for us to change the outward condition of life, but it is hard to change the nature in which we were born.

And here comes a story, that proves how hard it is for an Indian to change his nature and his habits. After one of General Jackson's battles with the Indians, some of his men went to recover the wounded, or bury the dead. On the bloody field was found a slain mother, with a little child in her dead arms. The Indian babe was brought into camp, to be given to

some of the prisoners, who had been taken from his tribe. General Jackson tried to persuade some of the Indian women to give it nourishment. "No," said they, "all his relations are dead; kill him too!" The heart of the general was touched, and he not only pitied the poor child, and kept it alive on brown sugar and water, but he sent it to his home, to be kindly brought up at the Hermitage. Mrs. Jackson, who had no little boy to love, was delighted to receive him, and he grew up in the family as a son and a favourite.

Lincoyer was the name given to him. He was taught at home, and at school. Every effort was made to civilize him, and help him to form the habits of white men. But his

nature could not be changed. He was an Indian still, and wished to do as only Indians do. When he saw children coming to the house, it was his delight to hide in some ambush, and as they came along, spring out upon them, in real Indian style, and frighten them with loud yells and dire grimaces. He remained an Indian to the last, delighting to roam the fields and woods, decorating himself with gay feathers, and yearning for the freedom of his native forests.

We all have a sinful nature, that is much more difficult to be changed. Education and refinement do not change the human heart. It is evil still, and loves evil. Many a child, in a good home, has so much of the old sinful nature about him, that he

wishes to get away, and be with sinners, and live as they do. It was this that led the prodigal son away from his good home, to waste his substance in riotous living. No one but God can change our natures. If you obey him, when he says, "My son, give me thine heart," he will give you the nature of a child of God. Every child should pray, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

It is much better to know this than to learn my story. But I will tell the rest of it. One warm spring morning Adjie was missing. I had got quite well, and was at work in the garden. He had been seen several times lately, running on the fence toward the "woods-pasture," with his

cheeks as full of corn as a soldier has his knapsack, and I began to suspect that he was making himself a new home. I went into the pasture, looking into the tree-tops, and listening for him to chatter and bark at me. At last he was seen in a large oak.

In that old oak he made his castle, and stored it with the best supplies. At first Aunt Mary thought that she would be rid of his mischief, but he freely came to the house, and seemed to be more mischievous than ever. One day he took great liberties and made a great noise, and when she looked to see why it was, she saw another squirrel on the fence, which he was inviting into the house. It was one that he, no doubt, had persuaded away from the deep woods, to

come and live with him in the old oak. There they dwelt, and reared a family, of whom Adjie seemed very proud. He lost much of his tameness, but yet would often visit the house. In a year or two, there were seven of them, and Uncle Alick took a pleasure in pointing them out to our friends, giving express orders that none of them should be shot.

The fame of Adjie and his family, dwelling in the castle of the oak, reached the ears of some boys who had never been in a Sabbath-school, or they would scarcely have done so base a deed as that which I am about to record. Mike Brady had seen the prize, and he was resolved to have it as soon as the way might be clear. Spying about, one Saturday afternoon,

he found that our house was shut up, for we had gone away to church, and left Rover upon guard duty. Rover was watching against beggars, and not dreaming of any one coming up through the pasture with bad intent. Mike laid his plans, and with his three comrades, went to the old oak-tree.

"Crack," went a rifle, and from the tree-top fell a squirrel, and up from the ground in the front door-yard sprang Rover, and there he stood listening. "Bang" went another rifle, and a squirrel dropped. Rover started—heard the boys talking loudly, and ran with all his might, barking furiously.

"How they act," said Mike, with his head bent back, and his eyes gaz-

ing into the tree. "Never shot at before, I reckon."

"Uncle Alick, as they call him, will find that it don't pay to raise his own squirrels," said one of the boys, taking aim and firing, and bringing down another.

"Won't he take on, though, if he finds this out?" said another, loading his gun in haste.

"Look out for that dog, Mike; he will pounce on you if you are not careful. Just pet him a little."

"Better shoot him," grumbled a profane boy.

"Rover, come—don't you know me?" Mike had lately been in Uncle Alick's orchard, and Rover knew him very well. "Be a good dog, Rover," continued Mike, looking into the

tree, and fixing his eye on a squirrel. He drew up and fired, but what he hit nobody ever knew. Rover had sprung on him, and had him by the coat collar.

"Shoot him, John!" cried a boy, whose father said that "Billy could hunt as well as anybody, but never killed anything."

"No! no! don't shoot—don't! don't —you'll hit me!" exclaimed Mike, who was now upon the grass with Rover's paws upon his breast. "Hurry, take him off!"

John came up in haste with a rough club and was about lifting it to bring down upon Rover, when Mike perceived another danger, and said with an oath, "Don't strike! He'll jump from under it, and then you'll hit me."

"What shall we do then?"

"Why, take him off? Lay hold of him?" But not one of them thought it prudent to try it. Thus matters stood when help came from an unexpected quarter.

Aunt Anna had remained at home with a violent headache, and as silence seemed to reign about her house, the boys had concluded that no one was at home. She had heard the firing and the barking, and wondered what it all could mean. She looked out of her upper window, and saw that Adjie was being besieged in his castle, and at once suspected that Rover was not able to raise the siege. Cautiously she came nearer, until she saw that there were none but boys about the oak, and then she made haste to the

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spot. When she called out, "Boys," the boys, who were free to run, scampered off in alarm.

"Rover, off sir, off!" And at her word he allowed Mike to rise to his feet. "Are you hurt?"

"No, ma'am. Only scared. Didn't think the dog would do that way."

"Why, Mike! Ain't you Mike Brady? What are you doing here?"

"Yes, ma'am. We were just hunting a little. Thought we had a right to hunt here." He knew that this was not true.

"You knew this was a pasture. You knew that these squirrels were almost tame ones which Uncle Alick would not have killed for anything. And here you have been shooting them."

"I'll not shoot any more—only shot one. The other boys shot the rest."

"Call them back here." They stood off about twenty rods, and Mike called them. Two of them came. I will not say that Aunt Anna "read them a lecture," for she spoke extemporaneously, and right to their consciences. When she gave them the history of Adjie, they felt ashamed and perhaps wished that they had never learned to shoot a gun in all their lives.

"Let me see the squirrels that you have shot," said Aunt Anna, in a gentle tone. They brought them. "Adjie is not one of them. I'm glad of that," and the boys were glad too.

"We won't take any of them," said Mike. "You can take them."

"No, they are not mine. And if they are sent to uncle Alick, the boys will only feel the worse for what you have done. I shall tell all about it. But you must take them—and after you eat these, I hope you will never shoot anything again that you have no right to shoot."

The boys promised that they never would, and started into the woods, feeling ashamed so long as aunt Anna was looking at them.

After they were fairly out of her sight, they fell to blaming each other, and at last quarrelled about which one should take their plunder. Not because each one wanted the whole of it, but because no one wanted any of it. They were finally forced upon Mike, and when he took them home,

he made rather crusty answers to his mother, when she asked where he had found such large fat game. They were not game, they were plunder. Game is what one has a right to kill in the woods running wild, but what one has no right to shoot is plunder. Mike had, perhaps, never had so little relish for a dish of squirrels as he had that night when these were set before him at supper.

The affair was told at our house that evening, by aunt Anna, who assured us that Adjie was not among the slain. But we boys were troubled lest he might have been wounded. Uncle Alick sat pondering, when told that Mike Brady was among them, for he had feared for some time that this boy would become a ring-leader

in mischief, if not in crime. But he kept his thoughts to himself until a new idea came into his mind.

"Well, we have not done our duty to those boys," said he. "We must start a Sabbath-school in that neighbourhood. There's a school-house just by the old Indian Garden, and if we cannot get that, we must find a barn somewhere to hold it in. What do you say, Anna?"

"I like the idea." And they set themselves right earnestly to lay their plans, and carry them out. So that the event was overruled for good, and Rover was one of the humble agents in causing the Sabbath-school at the Indian Garden to be started. You see that even a dog may do some good in the world.

Only once or twice afterward was Adjie seen by any of us, and then he seemed to be "moving," with his goods and family, and was very wild; where he went, and how long he lived, I cannot tell. But I know that he ceased his chatter in the oak-tree.

After one of my pets was gone, I thought all the more of the other. And why should I not love Rover? For as some one has written—

"There is no animal that comes nearer to being human than the dog. The dog is a universal favourite, especially in the country. What little boy or girl, in the farming regions of our wide land, that has not at least one pet of this race, large or small, which holds a place so like that of brother,

or sister, or friend, that the loss of it would fill the heart and the house with sorrow? A temporary separation even is painful; and oh! what joy, what overflowing of affectionate welcome when they meet again. We have many pets in the course of our lives. We feel a great interest and pride in a horse; we are pleased and amused with rabbits and squirrels, with chickens and ducks, but we love and trust in a dog as we do in any other real intelligent, affectionate, useful friend."

And now when I had but one pet, I soon had reason to fear that he was to be taken away. Rover performed a very daring exploit one day, and brought upon himself a great deal of suffering. It was on this wise.

Charles and I were sitting on a log in the wood-lot, not far from the place where Adjie had his castle, and we were having no little sad talk about the lost squirrel. All at once we heard a rustling of the old leaves that were thickly strewn upon the ground?

"What's that?" said Charles.

"Who are you?" Rover seemed to ask with a gruff voice, as he stood bristling up for our defence. The only answer was a louder rustling of the leaves. Rover seemed to demand in bolder terms, who the intruder was, and what business he had on our grounds.

"It's a woodchuck," said Charles. "See how he legs it round that old stump! Now we'll have fun enough for one afternoon."

"I'll have him," Rover seemed to say, and marched forward in stately style, until he came to the point for making a deadly charge. But he did not make the charge as we expected. He only stood and barked at the strange animal.

"What! afraid of a woodchuck!" said Charles, as if he would put Rover to shame for cowardice. "Pitch into him!" Charles ran forward to make an attack upon the other side of the enemy, but the strange creature made a dash at him, and came near putting a spear into him, but he dodged around a stump, and thought it wise to leave the battle to Rover, who growled furiously, but did nothing more.

"Did you ever see such a thing?" exclaimed Charles.

"It's not a woodchuck, sure," I replied.

"It's more like a flax-hatchel on all fours, and mad as a hornet," said the wondering and staring Charles.

"More like a huge chesnut-burr alive, and walking about crazy."

"He looks just like that porcupine in your Natural History."

"And exactly like one that Reuel told us about. The quills are just like those which he showed us."

"Look out, or he will throw his quills into you."

"He can't throw them. Reuel says it is only when they touch you that they stick fast."

"Let's club him then, and we will get some quills to work up as the Indians do."

The porcupine was now very angry. Every quill was pointing straight out from his body. And we could scarcely see his head or his feet. He was moving backward, and holding his eye upon Rover, to keep him at bay.

We got each a long club and gave the porcupine a broadside that sent him rolling over on the grass. Rover seemed to forget that prudence is sometimes the better part of valour, dashed upon the victim, and soon made an end of him. Rover then began to sneeze, and paw the ground, and try to work the quills out of his feet and his jaws. He was in much pain, but his efforts to gain relief only made a bad matter still worse.

We were so intent upon our curious prize, that Rover did not receive

the attention which a careful surgeon would have bestowed upon him. He pushed himself against me, put his paw into my hand, and tried to make me understand that I must pull the quills out of his mouth, but I did not gather the meaning of his strange movements. We dragged the porcupine home, and had a good supply of quills to show, as well as a long story to tell.

It was dark when uncle Alick came home, but Rover appealed to him for relief, and he was understood. The noble dog was led into the room, and the surgical operation was commenced. He placed his head upon uncle Alick's knee, shut his eyes, and without a whimper allowed the quills to be extracted.

"Don't it hurt him?" inquired Charles, in a tone of tender pity.

"I guess it does," said I, "see, he is crying." I almost cried too.

"He is very brave about it," said uncle Alick. "He seems to know that the pain which he now suffers will save him from a great deal worse pain hereafter. He is teaching you a good lesson, my boys."

"What is that, father?" inquired Charles, who fully understood uncle Alick's way of moralizing upon the most common events.

"Not to touch porcupines," said I, perhaps wishing to divert his mind from the moral lesson.

"That is a very good lesson certainly," said uncle Alick, carefully drawing a little quill from Rover's

tongue, while the willing patient opened his mouth as wide as he could. "But learn also never to touch anything evil."

It became one of uncle Alick's proverbs, 'Never touch any evil thing, for it may prove a porcupine.'

"But the lesson that I was about to mention," continued uncle Alick, "is this, Rover is teaching you how to bear a little pain, in order to prevent a greater one. He shows you how to act when you must have a tooth drawn."

"Oh father, that's awful!" said Charles.

"Not quite *awful*, my son, although it is by no means pleasant. With a good strong will, one may find it a short way to get rid of much severe

suffering. I knew of a little boy who had the toothache. Several times he went with his mother to the dentist's, but as soon as the kind doctor put his hand on the boy's cheek, he made such a noise about it, that his mother said to him, 'Very well, if you prefer to have the toothache, we will go home.' And home they went.

"But one morning, when he was brought to the dentist's door, and began to be afraid again, he saw another little boy sitting in the doctor's chair, like a general, and about to have his tooth drawn. He asked who it was, and was told that it was his little friend Walter. He looked a moment, and then asked, 'Walter, does it hurt much?'

"But Walter knew that it was no

time for him to be answering anybody's questions, and he said not a word. The other little boy stood in the door looking on, until the operation was over, and then growing brave and manly, he said to his mother, 'Well, if Walter can stand it to have a tooth drawn, I can too. Come on, mother.' So he walked in, and submitted to the painful operation almost as patiently as Rover now is doing."

"That's what I call good pluck."

"Call it what you please, my boys, it is what you may need some time in your lives. Be patient, and bear pain if it must be endured. And I can tell you of something to support you under it."

"What is that?" I asked.

"It is something very serious, and

it must not be lightly spoken of. It is the Bible remedy for every kind of suffering. It would have done you a great deal of good, Maxwell, if you had employed it when you were so long sick. I mean prayer; you will always find that prayer is a balm for pain. It may not remove the pain, but it will bring you strength to bear it. And there is another remedy."

We could not imagine what this second remedy was, and solemnly waited to hear what uncle Alick was about to propose.

"I mean the memory of our Saviour's sufferings. A good man once said, 'When I am suffering great pain, I think how much greater pain my Lord suffered for me, and then he seems to say, My grace is sufficient

for thee. This is enough to comfort me.' Do not forget these two remedies for pain."

We ought to be very thankful that we have souls which can employ such means of relief. The irrational animals cannot use them, and yet they must suffer quite as much bodily pain as we do. We should be kind to them, so that their sufferings may be as light as possible.

Poor Rover! It would touch your nerves to tell you how he looked the next morning, even after what had been done for him. It was some time before he could eat without great pain, and we feared that he would die. And yet he taught us a very useful lesson of patience.

He also knew how to make a good

use of the sunshine while he was ill, just as another dog that I have read of in a larger book than this. Some one thus writes of his good dog Tray:

"The day had been overcast, but suddenly the sun shone out, and a little patch of sunshine brightened the corner of the carpet. Immediately Tray got up, and, with a wise look, trotted to the bright place, and laid himself upon it. 'There's true philosophy,' said George; 'only one patch of sunlight in the place, and the sagacious little dog walks out of the shadow to roll himself in the brightness.' Let not Tray's example be lost upon us; but whenever there shall shine one patch of sunlight, let us enjoy it."

There was one thing that Rover

loved more than he did sunshine. That was his master's smile. And we all may profit by this lesson. We all may find great happiness in the smile of a father, or a mother, or a teacher, or any one who may have a rightful authority over us, and a kindly interest in us. But the best of all is the light of our heavenly Father's face. Ever let us pray, "Lift thou upon us the light of thy countenance."

Rover lived to a good old age, but the moral purpose of his life has been summed up in the story set before you. To trace it further, involves the history of a Sabbath-school, in a neighbourhood where the pioneers were infidels and scoffers, and where no one had yet taught the Bible pub-

licly, nor had a minister of the gospel found the people willing to have him preach. If spared, we hope to write the story of Uncle Alick's Sabbath-school.

Now one question. If Rover was a means of causing others to be better, or to do any good in the world, why may not you? He had not a soul as you have. He had only instinct; you have reason, and may have faith, love, and piety.

Perhaps duty is "a cross." Be it so—but bear it. A little child once wanted to know how it was ever a "cross" to serve God. The father was wise enough to explain it thus. He took two slips of wood, a long one, and a short one. "See, my child," said he, "the long piece is the will of

God. The short piece is your will; lay your will in a line with the will of God, and you have no cross; lay it athwart, and you make a cross directly."

If our souls agree with him, we will have faith in God. If our hearts agree with his, we will have love; if our wills are one with his, we will find the Saviour's yoke to be easy and the burden light. But if there still be a cross, look up, there is also a crown.

THE END.

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